THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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Notice the label on your paper and see if your time expires this month.

CLARE'S REVENGE

"How can he prefer her insipid beauty?" she muttered to herself, as she surveyed again her own ample charms—"a weak faced, helpless child! Bah! I hate myself when I find myself pitying her. I must and will go through with my plan. I have begun it. What a pitiful coward I should be to abandon it now!"

For hours she sat there perfecting a scheme—a scheme diabolical in its treachery and cruelty.

But what of that?

It meant May's shame and ruin; but, then, to Clare Raymond it meant the love of Guy L'Estrange.

Was not that worth fighting for?

And while this arch fiend was concocting plans for the destruction of her helpless, innocent foe, May, lying in her lonely bed, was revolving in her mind the words which Clare Raymond had spoken.

"Unless she were to fly with him they might not meet for years."

As if she could doubt?

As if, were she to hear his dear voice and feel his kisses on her lips, she would not yield to any proposal he made!

Escape!

What delight there seemed now in that one word!

It might mean to others a confession of guilt and shame.

But to her it meant the safety of her lover and their flight to happiness together.

And so at length, tired out by the excitement and her sorrow, she slept in sweet peacefulness, dreaming of happy days with Guy, and never once seeing dimly, in all her visions, the sword which was about to fall.

V.

The days passed wearily.

The condition of the woman up at the infirmary had not changed, and nothing further had transpired.

It was a dead level of monotony—waiting, waiting—and May Fielding's spirits fell accordingly.

The weather, too, had changed to a dull, drizzling rain, wearisome and depressing, and though, as May Fielding sat in her own room on this eighth night after the outrage, the downpour had ceased, there was pitch blackness without, and the wind howled dismally among the dripping boughs and over the sodden lawns.

A fitting accompaniment she thought to her own weariness and sorrow.

There seemed nothing to look forward to but the cold routine of a public trial, which, if Clare's words were true, could have but one ending—the conviction of Guy L'Estrange and a long, terrible term of imprisonment.

Only one thing in all was sure—her certain, unswerving love for Guy.

She was seated at the fire, which, in spite of the time of year, she had had lit, for she was chilled and pulseless, when a slight noise at the window attracted her attention.

With a nervous, startled feeling at her heart she turned her head and waited.

Again the sound came—tap, tap, tap.

"Who is there?" she cried in a tremulous voice, as she drew aside the curtains.

As she did so, she needed no answer; one glance gave her that; and she started back with a cry of mingled joy and fear.

For there, without, pale and ghastly, but certainly living, was Guy L'Estrange.

In an instant she had opened the window, and stepping out on the balcony, was clasped to her lover's breast.

Again and again he kissed her passionately, and then in a low, murmuring voice he said:

"May, my darling, I dare not stay here. Some one will be sure to observe us. I have escaped, and shall be pursued. Have you courage to come out and meet me at the boathouse by the lake?"

"Yes, Guy," she said, and in a dazed way she moved as if to go at once.

"No, no," said her lover, "you must put some thick wraps round you to conceal this light dress, and put on a hat. I may keep you some time."

She went in at once, and in a few moments returned.

She had closed the French window behind her as she entered, and when she opened it again he was gone.

She was all in dark things now, and tripping down the iron steps leading from the balcony, she was soon speeding over the wet lawn, confident that no one could see her in the darkness.

But two eyes had seen her, and watched her going in cruel triumph—those of Clare Raymond.

May found her lover at the boathouse, his hat pulled over his eyes, the collar of his big ulster buttoned round his throat so that very little of his face could be seen.

"May," he said, taking her hand in his and looking down into her face (she could not see his eyes in the gloom, but she guessed how lovingly they beamed upon her), "I am come to-night to put your love to a great test. Nay, hear me out, for at any moment we may see the lanterns of the police flitting hither and thither in search of me. Clare has told you all my cowardly folly and my punishment. She has told you, too, that I am innocent of all save that blow—that that woman was never my wife or aught to me."

"Yes, she has told me," whispered May, nestling to him.

"Thanks for your sweet trust, May," he said; "but all the trust and love in the world will not avail me if I remain in England. If I stay here I am doomed. I cannot deny the blow; it was witnessed and will be sworn to, and, May, bear it bravely, my love—the woman is dead. The charge against me now is one of murder."

As his strong arm held her, he felt how she shuddered, and he bent and kissed her.

"I am leaving this place to-night," he said. "To-morrow I must be on the sea. Never more can I set foot in England. We must part, dear one, this night forever, unless"——

"What?" cried May, turning her startled face to his.

"Unless, my own, my darling," he cried, holding her passionately to him, "unless you will fly with me. We shall not wait for money; I will secure all that. If your love is as great as mine, my sweet, there will be no craving to return hither providing we are together."

May made no reply, but nestled to him more closely, sobbing wildly on his breast.

"Do not let me take you from your home, dear," he continued, "to share my dishonored name, if one thought, one doubt, binds you to England; but remember, May, if we part now it is forever."

"I will go, Guy," she whispered. "How can you doubt me? You are my life—my all!"

He rained kisses on her lips so passionately that May wondered, while he thanked her in broken words for her love and trust.

At this moment a light was seen in the trees afar off, and a whistle sounded.

"Ah," he cried, "they are after me already. Even now, May, I almost think myself a coward to ask you to share my troubles and dangers. Perhaps, after all"——

"Hush, Guy!" she said; "let us go. Every moment increases your danger."

Across the grounds they hurried, and were soon in the highway.

Here a closed carriage was waiting, and helping May in, Guy gave the word to the driver, and they were soon speeding away at a rattling pace from L'Estrange Park.

May lay silent in her lover's arms.

She felt no desire to talk; and even if she had, the rattling of the carriage as it sped along so swiftly would have prevented her from doing so intelligibly.

Left thus to her thoughts, she could call herself happy.

She was oppressed by a dread of she knew not what, and again and again she was on the point of withdrawing herself from her lover's arms and saying words which would have stopped that flight forever.

Brave or not, she fought with this feeling and conquered it; so much so, that when the vehicle drew up with a jerk at the first railway station that Guy dared stop at she awoke from a sleep she had been enjoying in her lover's arms.

In the train Guy disguised himself even more, putting a thick muffler round his neck, and subsiding into a corner with his arm round May's waist and her head resting on his shoulder.

London was reached in the small hours of the morning, and Guy at once chartering a cab, ordered the driver to take them at full speed to an obscure street in a south London suburb.

It was extraordinary to May to see how clear sighted he was through it all, as if everything had been arranged beforehand.

"Where are we going, Guy?" she asked, as they rattled onwards through the somewhat grimy streets.

"To Mrs. Preston's," he said, "an old servant of my aunt's. I will leave you there, for I must hide away in far more dismal spots than that, while this hue and cry is after me. She is a good old soul, honest and trustworthy, but you must not confide in her too much. Here you must be Miss Maud Rivers, and I must pass as Tom Hartley. I thought of those names on the road, and telegraphed to the worthy old soul, so she will be quite ready to welcome us."

Again that unaccountable, uncomfortable feeling passed through May's whole being, a dread that she had done wrong, a feeling, in fact, which she did not like to confess to herself.

Mrs. Preston was all that Guy had said, kind, respectable and hearty in her welcome.

She at once drew May into a room with a bright fire, very acceptable on that muggy morning; but Guy would not come in.

"I must not be seen about in the daylight, my darling," he said. "I must get away while the day is dull and heavy. Expect me to-night directly it is dark. I will arrange about the special license, and we can be married in three days."

After which it seemed strange that directly he quitted the street he hailed a hansom and ordered the driver to take him to the Clarendon club, which he entered quite openly, and passed into the coffee room as usual.

What could this mean? Was Guy deceiving his trusting little fiancee after all?

Time passed very wearily for May Fielding in the dismal little house at Brixton, with nothing to amuse her but the dull babble of the well meaning landlady, the perusal of some out of date books, and the contemplation of the monotonous row of houses opposite, varied only by the different color of a blind or the disposition of a flower.

Guy she saw little of.

He came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short visit, which began and ended in the passage, was at the peril of his life, and regretting in bitter terms the necessity which would force them to be married in the dismal little parlor of the Brixton lodging house.

However, it was heaven where she was, and so on, and off he was again.

A dull pain was at May's heart as he left her, and she hurried up to her little room.

Was her awakening coming? And ought she not be thankful, if it were so, that it did not come too late?

She wept bitter tears; she blamed herself for her inconstancy; she murmured the name of "Guy, darling Guy," and begged him, as if present, to forgive her; and yet she craved to be at home at the lodge with Clare and Mrs. Raymond, and found herself wondering whether, after all, she could ever have loved him at all, for the feeling, all mastering as it had been, seemed fast dying out.

"Never mind," she said, as her poor aching head rested on a wet pillow that night; "I must go through with it all now for Guy's sake. No doubt my feelings are only those of a foolish, frightened girl. Never shall Guy be able to say that I fled from and betrayed him in his hour of danger."

For two days she saw nothing of her lover; on the third he brought the special license and the ring to show her.

She trembled and blushed a little when she saw the plain gold circlet and the formidable official document; but when he had kissed her pouting lips, and whispered words of loving and blissful anticipation, she felt more restful, and lay in his arms like a tired child in the dull glow of the parlor fire.

For it was noticeable that when he came the lamps were never lit; the two were always left to the loverlike light of the flames.

"One could never tell," Guy said, "when or where spies might be about. They might be peering through windows and listening at keyholes, and so forth, when everything seemed still and secure."

It was on the next night that May, having seen nothing of Guy, retired to her room early to read before retiring to rest.

This, to-night, was more than ever a necessary proceeding, for her mind was in a state of wild unrest.

To-morrow was to be her wedding day. Two days after she would quit England with her husband forever.

Why was it that dream voices kept saying to her: "Do not go; do not so readily leave home and friends?"

Her mind was too excited for tears; her heart was beating high; she could not read, and flinging down her book impatiently she rose, and looked out upon the garden, upon which the rays of the moon were now shining brightly.

The strips of ground at the back of the houses were bounded by a somewhat high back fence, which separated them from a piece of waste land on which were sundry evidences that an enterprising builder had intended making a rush into work, and then abandoned it.

Far over there, beyond this waste, rose a church spire.

On either side were some trees, and here and there a pool shining in the silver light of the night goddess.

And there! What was that?

[CONTINUED.]

Half a Century Behind.

It is at least fifty years too late to dispute the proposition that newspaper advertising pays. The reverse may have been true when Rip Van Winkle went to sleep, but Rip has waked up, and even "Schneider" can bark out the truth to him. Not only does newspaper advertising pay, but it pays well, and on the whole better than it ever did before.

A few years ago newspapers were not what they are now. They were fewer in number, and in all that characterizes good newspaper management they were inferior to the newspapers of the present day. Remembering that our allusion is chiefly to the papers of the smaller cities and country towns, no one who is familiar with the facts of twenty-five years ago will dispute with us when we say that, wonderful as has been much of the progress of the last two or three decades, the advance in respect to our newspapers has not been surpassed in any other direction.

In the days of the past advertising paid. Conspicuous instances of men who grew rich by early perception of the advantages of newspaper advertising readily come to mind, while the truth that thousands of persons who achieved no personal celebrity made handsome profits by the same means can be easily shown.

In this day the newspapers have much to commend them which they did not then possess. They are better printed, for one thing; they are more prosperous and have a better commercial standing, for another. The papers of the class specially referred to have at their command a reading matter service which puts them fully on a level, as to matter, with the most prosperous metropolitan daily. And so an advertiser, when presenting his announcement for insertion, may feel confident that his advertisement will be printed in good company, and, since these are also the times of perfected printing machinery, in good, legible form also.

Therefore since newspaper advertising has always paid, even in the day when newspapers were, by comparison, poorly printed and only moderately edited, the business man is standing in his own light and casting the blackest kind of a shadow if he is not a student and a liberal user of newspaper advertising.

Australia's Wool Clip.

The past wool season in Australia has been a highly profitable one, and not only have prices been satisfactory, but the clip is the largest on record. It is estimated that during the season 1,485,000 bales were exported, against 1,385,000 in 1888-9, and 1,315,000 bales in 1887-8. A competent authority estimates that the total value of the clip at Australian ports was about £25,000,000, against a little over £21,000,000 for 1888-9, and about £17,500,000 for 1887-8. The squatting companies and the banks, which are largely interested in stations, have during the last two years been able to materially strengthen their position with respect to the pastoral industry. There is every prospect that, owing to the vastness of the improvements made on the runs, especially in the storage of water, the industry will suffer fewer vicissitudes from drought in the future than has been the case in the past, and that the production of wool will steadily progress.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Singapore Burglars in Public Buildings.

Government buildings seem to be particularly aimed at by Singapore burglars. Some time ago the Chinese protectorate offices were broken into, then recently we had a burglary in the jail attended with the loss of money and other valuables to the amount of $300, and now we hear that light night thieves got into the police offices burst open an almeirah and carried off a cash box containing about $52 in cash and some valuable papers. The box belonged to the coroner's clerk, and it is thought from the general circumstances surrounding the case that the robbery had been committed by some person or persons well acquainted with the routine of the office.—Straits Times.

A Big Sale in Stamps.

The receipts from the sale of stamps at the Brooklyn postoffice for the month of April, 1890, amounted to $64,279.82, being an increase of $8,988.04, or 16 1-4 per cent., over the corresponding month of 1889; an increase of $8,400.05, or 15.21 per cent., over the corresponding month of 1888; an increase of $17,153.12, or 36.39 per cent., over the corresponding month of 1887; an increase of $28,426.97, or 79.28 per cent., over the corresponding month of 1886; an increase of $32,306.81, or 101 per cent., over the corresponding month of 1885; an increase of $33,748.80, or 110 per cent., over the corresponding month of 1884.—New York World.

Now is the Cherry in Blossom.

Now is the cherry in blossom, Love,
Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
Over the village at nightfall now
Merrily veers and darts the swallow.

At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
Awakes the chorus that sings old sorrow;
The evening star is dim for the dew,
And the apple and lilac will bloom to-morrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
In every shadow some love lies hid—
And you and I in the world together.

—Mary E. Wilkins in Harper's

The Human Pincushion.

In explaining his peculiar idiosyncrasy, Professor Beck said: "I first discovered that I could be punctured without pain at school when a boy. My comrades used to put bent pins under me, but the joke was alway on them." Here, by way of illustration, the Professor absent mindedly shoved a pin into his arm up to the head, and then resumed his reminiscences. "I sometimes use awls, knives, sailmakers' needles and horseshoe nails. There are only two more human cushions whom I recall, Professor Rogers, who has retired from the business and gone to sea, and a gentleman who called himself Ajax. He went back to the baking business when I defeated him. I have discovered the only woman pincushion, and before long we will be united in marriage. When the pins or knives are withdrawn from my flesh the incision closes within three hours, and I suffer no inconveniences."—Exchange.

Ancient Scenes Depicted.

The archaic room in the British museum is now approaching completion. On the west side of the gallery stands the harpy tomb, formerly on the Acropolis of Xanthos in Lycia. The harpies are seen sculptured in bas relief, carrying off the souls of the daughters of Pandareos, a Lycian hero. On the north and south walls of the room are arranged the casts of the pedimental groups from the temple of Athene, in Ægina. The originals, it will be remembered, are at Munich. They represent the expedition of Æginaten heroes against Troy, guided by Athene or Minerva, and the contest of the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus, described in the "Iliad." The temple was erected before 563 B. C. —Chicago Herald.

The "Dear Marchioness" Didn't Bite.

Great amusement has been caused in English circles in Rome by a story which is going about of an American lady, well known for her devotion to the aristocracy, having put her foot in it rather more than usual in the endeavor to make a sublime coup. She wrote to the Princess Louise, "Dear Marchioness," asking her to tea or luncheon, I don't know which, and promising to take her afterward to a well known studio. But the "Dear Marchioness," who had never seen or heard of the lady in question, seemed to think that this was going a little too far, and the reply sent will not, I fancy, be shown generally to the lady's friends—notwithstanding the autograph.—London Truth.

Nearly Lost His Tongue.

A curious accident happened in Baltimore last week, according to a special from there to The Cincinnati Enquirer. John Deutsch, 13 years old, is employed at a basket factory, and during dinner hour, while taking a pull at his coffee flask, his tongue was drawn into the nozzle by suction so that, try as he would, he could not get it out. It was drawn further and further in until the flask was forced into his mouth. The tongue to make matters worse, began to swell, and, after vainly trying to get it loose himself, he hurried to the hospital. Dr. Warfield, after some difficulty, released the disfigured member.

Just Punishment.

Mother—Come in now, Tommy, and put on your clean clothes.

Tommy (playing ball in the back lot)—All right. Soon's I make a base hit.

Mother (two hours later)—You, Thomas! Come right here, sir.

Thomas obeys and gets a sound thrashing, which he bears heroically, remarking at the close, "Served me just right, so it did."

Mother—For not obeying mamma?

Tommy—No. For not making a base hit on that chump of a pitcher.—Texas Siftings.

Sixteen Headless Bodies.

A Morocco correspondent of The Petit Marseillais says that with a quantity of merchandise which arrived some time since at Masagan, from Morocco, there were eight boxes consigned to parties who could not be found. At length the boxes were opened to see if their contents would give any indication of their owner. They contained the headless bodies of sixteen young girls and a negress, and also the body of a man. Each body was carefully embalmed. The affair is a puzzle.

Doesn't Want to Be Stared At.

Emperor William seriously objects to being stared at, particularly at church. He has issued a cabinet order in which he says that "from the moment I enter church until I leave hundreds of eyes are, to my great annoyance, fixed on me. I desire at least to be able to isolate myself for a few moments at divine service Sundays. All those who desire to look at me can do so during my daily rides in the Thiergarten or 'Unter den Linden.'"

When Paul Blouet, popularly known as "Max O'Rell," the author of "Jonathan and His Continent," said farewell to America after a sojourn of several months, he carried away with him $20,000, $10,000 of which was the proceeds of the sale of his book and $10,000 for the lectures he had delivered.

Matilda Louise Schumack, 15 years old, died at St. John, N. B., from an electric shock. While at the Salvation Army barracks she touched an electric lamp with an iron poker, and at the same time she unconsciously caught an iron post, thus completing the circuit.

The monastery of Melk, in Austria, has just celebrated the 800th anniversary of its foundation.

Miss Josephine Simon, the young singer adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone as a protege, is an Oakland (Cal.) girl. The "glorious climate" is said to be reflected in her voice.

Louisville, St. Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

NO. 13.

TIME SCHEDULE,

Taking Effect

At 5:00 o'clock A. M., Sunday, Feb. 23, 1890.

West Bound Trains MAIL AND EXPRESS.	STATIONS.	East Bound Trains MAIL AND EXPRESS.
8.00 AM Lv	Union Depot, Louisv'e	Ar. 1.20 PM
8.15	Kentucky Street	1.05
	Alms House	
	Pleasure Ridge Park	
	Valley	
	Meadow Lawn	
	River View	
9.00	West Point	12.25
9.32	Rock Haven	12.02
9.41	Long Branch	11.52 AM
9.52	Brandenburg	11.40
10.02	Ekron	11.31
10.13	Guston	11.20
10.23	Irvington	11.09
10.32	Webster	10.59
10.47	Lodiburg	10.47
10.56	Pierce	10.37
11.01	Sample	10.30
11.10	Stephensport	10.19
11.18	Holt	10.10
11.34	Cloverport	9.55
11.39	Shops	9.50
11.52 AM	Skillman	9.39
12.04 PM	Hawesville	9.23
12.19	Falcon	9.09
12.30	Lewisport	8.56
12.47	Powers	8.36
12.59	Pates	8.23
1.08 Arr	Owensboro	Lve 8.11 AM
1.30	Stanley	7.45
1.40	Worthington	7.34
1.57	Spottsville	7.14
2.06	Basketts	7.05
2.20 PM Arr	Henderson	Lve 6.50 AM